

**BLUE BOOKS FOR THE MILLION.**

THE firm of publishers who are the new agents for the sale of Government publications, state that they are convinced that there is really a greater demand for these throughout the country than has hitherto been suspected. They propose, therefore, to push the sale of Blue Books and kindred literature by advertising. We may probably expect to see some such announcements as these in the columns devoted to publishers:—

What shall we read in the winter evenings? is the question which is being asked in every home just now. Our

**BIG BLUE LIBRARY**

contains bright and amusing literature for everyone. Its pages include, among other admirable features, chatty articles by eminent experts on matters of such everyday interest as Bi-metallism, the Housing of the Poor, the Hall-marking of Foreign Plate, the Income Tax, and the Death Duties, which will delight young and old alike.

**Every Young Housewife**

should study Mr. EUSTACE MILES's fascinating article on How to live on two Plasmon biscuits and one lentil a day, which appears in the Report of the Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration.

The same book also contains a closely-reasoned article on Nicotine as a Factor in physical development, with an excursus on the educational value of cigarette pictures, by Messrs. WOODBINE AND TABBS.

**No Boy's Library**

can be complete without Mr. G. R. SIMS's thrilling new story, *The Detective's Detective*, which runs through the pages of the Report of the Beck Commission. This story attracted the widest attention when it appeared as a serial in the halfpenny press.

**The Fact that no less an Authority than**

Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS has spoken in the warmest terms of Mr. CALDWELL's views on Musical Copyright gives an additional interest to the forthcoming issue of that well-known politician's evidence before the recent Royal Commission (3000 pp., 16 x 12, 6d.) This monumental work is prefaced by a short biographical note on Mr. CALDWELL, written by Mr. WILLIAM BOOSEY, with special reference to his influence on music publishing at the present day.

**Every Mountaineer will doubtless Enjoy**

that charming book of travels, *Round the Piccadilly Alps in a Hansom*, being a reprint of the Report of the Congested Traffic Commission. Draymen, cab-

**STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.**

*A Cubbing Morning, 6 A.M.*

*Keen Sportsman (baffled). "WHERE THE DOOSE——"*

drivers, and omnibus conductors have all contributed to its pages, which afford, it need hardly be said, particularly bright and spicy reading.

A specially expurgated edition has been prepared for the home circle by Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P.

**Just Published.**

*Devolution*, being a new and revised edition of that epoch-making work, *Home Rule for Ireland*. This edition has been specially prepared by Lord DUNRAVEN, and two of its principal attractions are an introduction by Sir ANTHONY MACDONALD, and explanatory notes by Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

**How shall we Decorate the Spare Bedroom?**

is a question which vexes every young

couple. They will find the answer in Sir EDWARD POYNTER's contribution to *Pictures, how and when to Buy them*. This admirable little handbook, which is the Report of the Royal Commission on the Chantrey Bequest, may be considered the Art Connoisseur's *vade mecum*.

**FOOTBALL EXTRAORDINARY.**—Everybody being assumed to be now interested in the deeds of footballers, the following extract from the *Birmingham Argus* should be read. The match was between Preston North End and Notts County, each of which seems to be better than the other, for, says the report, "as the interval drew near both teams tried to further increase their lead, but failed to do so."

## THE NEW DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Messrs. A. B. WALKLEY and WILLIAM ARCHER are re-discovered in the former's chambers just after the conclusion of an Epicurean banquet.

Mr. Walkley. Try one of those cigars—a relic of Spanish rule, and still preserving something of the aristocratic aroma of decadent Dondom. *Et comme liqueur?*

Mr. Archer. I thank you, I will take a Curaçao.

Mr. Walkley. But, my dear ARCHER, that is blank verse! Can it possibly have escaped your notice that you are a poet?

Mr. Archer. I assure you it was unpremeditated, like the lark's trill. And yet I have thought a good deal lately about what the Laureate says in his lecture on the decline of interest in the higher poetry. Has it ever struck you that men like ourselves, who exercise authority in our special department of knowledge, owe a kind of duty to the public in respect of the form in which we dress our thoughts? I speak, of course, of the intelligent public; not of those who assist at musical comedies and are therefore past hope.

Mr. Walkley. *Quem Deus vult perdere—*

Mr. Archer. —*plectuntur Achivi*. Precisely. But my point is that we perhaps owe it to the thinking public to address them in some higher form of speech than even the most erudite prose.

Mr. Walkley. *Mais, mon ami, que vous êtes impayable!* For myself I confess that I find prose a sufficiently handy medium for my polyglottic methods.

Mr. Archer. Ah! but you have never yet attempted the nobler way. How would it be if in one of our "real conversations" we rehearsed a few flights of verse? Later on, if all went well, we might give a public performance in our respective organs.

Mr. Walkley. I am not convinced that the Times are ripe for this daring experiment. Still there can be no harm in a private rehearsal. Would you like to begin at once? You have the air of an *improvisatore*, and it might infect me.

Mr. Archer. I am certainly feeling rather spontaneous.

[After a decent pause, drops into poetry.

"Tis not—and you, I trust, will bear me out,—

"Tis not that I look back from middle age

Upon an ill-spent life, nor must lament

A bitter aftermath of wild, wild oats.

No; technically speaking, I may say

I have no "past"; my blameless record shows

How both as critic and interpreter

I have achieved respectable results

In point of quality as well as mass,

And won my WALKLEY's praise. And yet, and yet—

Mr. Walkley. What are you driving at?

Mr. Archer. And yet, as I

Intended saying when you interposed,

I would that I could have my youth again,

And to the task of criticising plays

Could bring the unspoiled wonder of a child,

The dewy innocence of Mr. STEAD!

What say you, WALKLEY?

Mr. Walkley. If one might only put the dial back—

Mr. Archer. Excuse me; you have got the metre wrong!

You should complete the line I left undone

Before you start another; and, besides,

Dials are fixed; it is the shadow moves.

So—to revert to my above remark—

What say you, WALKLEY?

Mr. Walkley. What I say is this:

Like you, I would I might approach the stage

In total ignorance of antique lore,

Released from that divine but fatal gift

Of knowledge sucked from out the rolling centuries—

Mr. Archer. A foot too long! Omit the epithet!

Mr. Walkley. Of knowledge sucked from out the centuries, From *ÆSCHYLUS* to HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

I would the hardened tablets of my mind

Might have their old consistency of wax

Plastic to first impressions. Think, my friend,

If you and I could go and see *The Tempest*,

In all the ecstasy of childhood's years,

Twin babes that never learned in Drury Lane

The possibilities of pantomime!

If we could view PINERO's latest play,

And that erotometric marionette,

While still untutored in the peerless wit

That stamps *A Doll's House*; knowing nought about

The Master's energising puppets!

Mr. Archer. Ah!

Mr. Walkley. And is there not a peril lurks for us

In this same portent of perpetual youth,

This wisdom issuing out of infants' mouths

Whose eyes had seen the world ere we were born,

And practise now on their new toy, the drama,

That balanced judgment which belongs to age?

For how can we, who long ago have lost

The early rapture of the unweaned state,

And come to know our drama upside down,

How can we well expect to hold our own

With babes like W. TITHONUS STEAD?

Shall we not find our occupation gone?

How shall we fill the yawning interval

Till second childhood—

[Left discussing this appalling problem. O. S.]

## THE WHITE RABBIT.

## CHAPTER XII.

*He Disappears.*

"WHERE'S MABEL? I haven't seen her about for two days."

The Rabbit was addressing the black-and-white Cat, who was going through the acrobatic performances usually associated with a feline toilet.

"MABEL," said the Cat, readjusting her off hind leg to the ground, "is unwell. I heard them talk about a high temperature or something of that sort. They put a spike of glass in her mouth and kept it there for a long time."

"How dared they?" said the indignant Rabbit. "It's a cruel cowardly thing to do to a little girl. You shouldn't have allowed it, *Gamp*, really you shouldn't."

"Oh, as to that," said the Cat complacently, "I make it a point never to interfere with humans unless they interfere with me. They think they know such a blessed lot about everything. So I just let them go on in their own silly way. Besides, I'm told that a spike of glass in the mouth is a first-rate remedy for a feverish cold—that's what's the matter with MABEL, I fancy—and you don't suppose I'm going to do anything to prevent her getting cured, do you?"

"No, no," said the Rabbit eagerly, "of course not. That's not to be thought of for a moment. But tell me, when did you see MABEL?"

"I was with her," answered the Cat, "the greater part of yesterday and the whole of this morning. She seemed to want to have me close to her, poor little thing, so I gave up all my other engagements."

"Has *Rob* been to see her?" asked the Rabbit in a tremulous voice.

"Rather," said the Cat. "He's with her now. Of course old *Rob* isn't much of a comfort in a sick room—he's such an upsetter—but I suppose he's better than nothing at all. Anyhow MABEL sent for him, and he's there."

Now all this was gall and wormwood to poor *Bunbutter*.

MABEL, his dear little mistress, was ill. That was bad enough, but it grieved him to the heart and made him rage with jealousy to know that *Gamp* and *Rob* had been admitted to her sacred room, nay more, had been actually sent for, while he, with all his love and devotion, was kept outside in his solitary hutch.

"Did she—ah—mention my name at all?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh dear no," said the Cat very decisively. "She didn't even hint at it. We were talking about all sorts of interesting things, you see, and somehow your name didn't crop up. But perhaps I might manage to lead the conversation that way when I see her again."

"You needn't trouble yourself," said the Rabbit. "She'll send for me of her own accord if she wants me."

At this moment the gardener's boy appeared, and *Gamp*, who had for him a rooted objection based on the throwing of stones, disappeared into the bushes.

"Come along, Red-eyes," said the boy as he opened the hutch and seized the Rabbit by the ears, "I've got to take you into the house. Miss MABEL's asked for you."

"At last!" whispered *Bunbutter* in triumph to himself. At last he was to be admitted to MABEL's own room. She had asked for him. Wouldn't he swagger over *Gamp* and *Rob* when he saw them again! Even as he was carried along he began to concoct the most marvellous accounts of his forthcoming visit for their edification.

"And now, *Bunbutter*," said MABEL, "I'm afraid you must go. It's getting quite dark and I shall have to go to sleep. But I love you very much, very much indeed, *Bunbutter*, and you've been such a dear good sweet rabbit that I'll have you in here again to-morrow for a long long time."

So the Rabbit was carried off and handed back to the gardener's boy, who was waiting for him:—

"You're to take great care of him," said the old nurse, "and put him back safe in his hutch."

"Right you are," said the boy, and off he went.

What happened after that nobody, except, perhaps, the boy, ever knew for certain. The boy said the Rabbit seemed suddenly to swell up so in his hands that he had to let go of him, and the Rabbit scurried into the bushes and disappeared. His story about *Bunbutter's* increase in size was derided, but he affirmed it even with tears. What is certain is that the White Rabbit vanished and was never seen again.

My own idea is that he turned back again into the Prince of SABLONIA and that he is now living in state and luxury



#### A TRIFLE MIXED.

"WHY, PRUDENCE, WHERE'S DICKIE? IS THIS A NEW SWEETHEART?"—"NOT SO VERY NEW, NEITHER, MISS. IT BE THIS WAY. I BE COURTING SAMUEL, BUT DICK BE COURTING I."

in that distant and mysterious country. You see MABEL had assured him of her love, and that was all that was wanted to make the spell work.

When MABEL, her health being restored, visited the hutch a day or two afterwards to mourn over the disappearance of her fluffy little favourite, she picked a large white feather from the ground:

"It's just the colour of *Bunbutter*," she said. "I shall keep it in memory of him."

For my part I believe it was one of the plumes from the PRINCE'S hat.

THE END.

A MATTER OF PINION.—The members of the London County Council, having been described by their Chairman as our Guardian Angels, may perhaps come to think themselves entitled to wings. It is to be hoped, writes a correspondent, that they will not charge them to the rates.

WELL MEANT, NO DOUBT.—The *Jersey Weekly News*, in its article upon the departure of the Lieutenant-Governor, says, "The departure . . . calls for more than ordinary comment. We say unhesitatingly that the departure of General ——— is an incalculable loss for the Island. We trust that Major-General ——— [his successor] will follow in his footsteps."

WHO WOULD WANT TO COOK HER?—"Girl (respectable, strong) Wanted . . . Must be lean . . . no cooking."—*Daily Chronicle*.

An Equivocal Advertisement.  
BLANK'S BREAD  
NONE LIKE IT.

"HARTY Congratulations" to Sir ROBERT on his receiving the first-class Japanese decoration of the Rising Sun.



## THE AMAZING VISCOUNT.

### MEETING OF PROTEST.

A PUBLIC meeting convened under the auspices of the Old Age Defence Society was held last Friday, to protest against the unwarrantable incursions of immature talent, and to invoke Parliamentary interference to safeguard the interests of middle-aged and elderly authors and artists.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM, who presided, stated that no time was to be lost if headway was to be made against the pernicious cult of youth. With great emotion he read from the *Daily Mail* of the 19th inst. a long account of a boy artist, the Viscount DE SOISSONS, of only sixteen, who was exhibiting a collection of pictures at the Doré Gallery, who was also a prolific writer in the *Magazines*, and had just completed an epic prose-poem of extraordinary length. Personally, he (the speaker) always thought that Doré was a tailor, but let that pass. No one valued the *entente cordiale* more than he, but it was a first principle of modern life that nations must consume their own prodigies.

In conclusion, the Chairman read letters from several eminent Nestors who had been unable to attend the meeting.

LORD GOSCHEN wrote to say he couldn't think what Viscounts were coming to. He himself did not become one until he was nearly sixty-nine. At the age when Viscount DE SOISSONS was painting impressionistic pictures without any artistic training he (the writer) was a healthy Philistine at Rugby.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who had been invited to support the meeting, telegraphed from Venice, "Consider myself perennially young—repudiate invitation."

M. MANUEL GARCIA wrote with feeling on the nuisance of the infant prodigy. He personally did not visit America until he was twenty, in the year 1825.

SIR OLIVER LODGE wrote that if the meeting could do anything, however small, to check the alarms and incursions of the youthful interviewer, they might count on his whole-hearted support.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON said that since the refusal of the British Government to give back the Elgin marbles, no event had affected him more deeply than this momentous announcement. Youth had its charms, its rights, its privileges, but that was no reason why it should claim a monopoly of public attention. Youth was the time for study, for preparation, not for production or competition with artists and authors of mature years. He did not wish to intrude a personal note, but he could not refrain from saying that he had waited until he was seventy before he wrote his first novel (*Loud cheers*).

SIR LEWIS MORRIS said that he was

proud to associate himself with the weighty words that had fallen from his distinguished *confrère*. The best place for the composition of epics was on the Underground, as he had conclusively proved in his own case, and nobody of tender years could stand the strain of prolonged subterranean composition. It stood to reason that anyone who composed poetry in his minority must be a minor poet. He would not, however, go so far as to endorse the revolutionary suggestion that no poet should be allowed to be published until he had joined the majority.

SIR JAMES KNOWLES here rose and stated, amid loud cheers, that he had recently declined an article entitled "Reminiscences of a Virtuoso," which had been submitted to him by FRANZ VECSEY.

SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM stated with much emotion that, in spite of many pressing invitations, he had not contributed to the *Daily Mail* until he was sixty-nine.

SIR EDWARD POYNTER, the President of the Royal Academy, said that he had no doubt that the usual attacks on the Academy would shortly begin on account of their cruel treatment of the Viscount Phenomenon in not having elected him to their body. He would not deny that an infusion of youth might be useful, but it needed to be very judiciously obtained. In his view youth, like wine, was useless until it was well matured.

MR. A. P. WATT created a painful sensation by revealing some of the inevitable results of the growing craze for youthful authors. It had been rashly stated that the Employers' Liability Act had made the British workman the largest purchaser of hair-dye in the world. He could assure the audience that the consumption of artificial pigment among the literary classes was astounding. And he could name publishers who required a more searching test than juvenile appearance; who would consider no manuscript unless the author himself brought it (in the speaker's company) and was prepared to leap-frog over the junior partner, or to exhibit a chest measurement at least ten inches in excess of his waist, which was, of course, a very exacting requirement from a man of letters.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, the next speaker, was objected to on the ground that his immature age disqualified him from being present. He rapidly, however, demonstrated that age and youth are interchangeable terms, and that it is the youngest who are really the oldest. Is not, he asked, the child the father of the man? As for himself, he was, he said, merely masquerading as a stripling; his real age was eighty-two, but he had been marvellously made up.

A resolution was passed deprecating youthful geniuses.

As the meeting broke up the news was received that the Viscount had been appointed to the Art Editorship of the *Daily Mirror*.

## PUZZLES AND PARADOXES.

THE lines of the aspiring bard  
Much toil and trouble cost,  
And yet, alas! like many a rime,  
They oft turn out a frost.

The magistrate is called a beak,  
I really wonder why.  
Is it because he often has  
A piercing eagle eye?

They say the swan divinely sings  
With its expiring breath,  
The humble oyster too may be  
A PATTI after death.

A tail you'll find is fitted with  
A wag, which seldom fails,  
Yet many so-called wags I know  
Have most unfitting tales.

One gathers nuts in autumn months  
From off horse-chestnut trees,  
Is it because a chestnut's hoarse  
It's sometimes called a wheeze?

## SHOULD A WIFE OPEN HER HUSBAND'S LETTERS?

BELOW will be found a few answers which we have obtained to this vital question.

MR. HENN-PEKT says: "I should prefer that she didn't... but she does. Please don't mention my name."

A Famous Politician says: "I hope to send you an answer after I have had an opportunity of consulting with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN."

MISS OHLDE MAYDE writes: "Only give me the chance."

MRS. SMITH-SMITH says: "I have received your letter addressed to Mr. SMITH-SMITH.—That is his answer."

The Postmistress at Little Puddleton writes: "If she lives in Puddleton she need not trouble. I can tell her the contents of any letter coming into the village."

BILL BAILEY says: "If she does, I can't go home at all."

## A Poster Contrast.

The Standard.  
3000 RUSSIANS  
ANNIHILATED.

The Daily Express (same morning).  
REVISION OF ANGLICAN  
HYMN BOOK.  
100 NEW HYMNS.

## SYMBOLIC BOOTS.

WE have heard much of late years concerning the Degeneracy of the Drama. Careful research has been made for a remedy, and now recent events have encouraged the belief in aid from the outside. Where our dramatists have failed to express emotion and the development of character, our modistes have stepped in and supplied a long-felt want. And why not our boot-makers too?

Appended are a few ideas for the construction of a Four-Act play, in which the desired symbolism is furnished by the foot-gear of the protagonist.

## ACT I.

The hero wears a pair of flamboyant yellow boots, expressive of youthfulness and hopefulness. A neat and happy combination of red buttons is symbolic of his dawning passion for a charming lady possessed of a husband addicted to heart disease. But the top inside lining of the boots is of black leather! This subtle touch (it will be easy for the dramatist to write in a few lines enabling the hero to exhibit the inside lining of one boot at least during the course of the Act) is intended to convey to the audience that the hero is suffering from a temptation to stage-manage for the heart-diseased husband a "short sharp shock," which shall at once carry him off and enable the hero to do the same by the lady.

## ACT II.

The hero wears dead black leather boots, with all the polish rubbed off. He is about to assist at the husband's demise, and therefore wears mourning in anticipation. A bright red tag hanging out from each boot indicates that the victim's death is to be accompanied with violence.

## ACT III.

The hero wears a pair of obfusc carpet slippers, somewhat down-trodden in the sole and embroidered with mauve pansies (that's for thought), which are naturally painful, seeing that he is filled with remorse (as is suggested further by the mauve which stands for half mourning). He has accomplished his fell purpose, but the lady has rejected him with immediate scorn. The slippers are, of course, indicative of a bootless passion.

## ACT IV.

After an interval long enough to allow some characters with no particular foot-gear to acquaint the audience with the fact that "a year has now elapsed," the hero makes his entrance, wearing the white shoes of a blameless life. The audience will be struck with the black toe-caps, which are of shining patent



Cockney Sportsman. "HAW—YOUNG WOMAN, WHOSE WHISKIES DO YOU KEEP HERE?"

Highland Lassie. "WE ONLY KEEP McPHERSON'S, SIR."

C. S. "McPHERSON? HAW—WHO THE DEUCE IS McPHERSON?"

H. L. "MY BROTHER, SIR."

leather, as distinct from the dull, unglossy leather of Act II. They will at once understand that the year has been spent in expiation (shown by the white shoes), mingled with penitence (symbolized by the black toe-caps), tinged with hope (indicated by the "shine"). A closer observation will disclose rubber soles and bronze heels, the former expressive of a buoyant and ever upspringing faith in the future, the latter preparing the audience for his eventual

union with the auburn-haired widow, who has at length learned to forgive and forget the past. Then all that is required to bring down the house and the curtain on a big success is a first-rate "tag."

CON-FUSION.—The *Evening Standard* contents bill recently ran thus:—

FOOTBALL RESULTS  
RUSSIAN WOUNDED  
POURING INTO MUKDEN.

### SUSPENDED ANIMATION;

*Or, Harlequin Bunsby and Something Wrong in the Upper Storey at Wyndham's Theatre.*

THE title of Mr. PINERO's latest production, *A Wife without a Smile*, is unfortunately suggestive of an audience without a laugh. Not that this description would exactly fit such an audience as assisted at the entertainment on the night of my visit, for undoubtedly they, that is, a considerable majority of them, did laugh, and there were also heard faint spasmodic attempts at applause which, being injudiciously timed, met with no response.

There is not a dramatist whose humour I appreciate and whose work on the stage I enjoy more than I do Mr. PINERO's. Yet with all the will in the world to be amused to any extent, I found myself during the greater part of the First Act, and for a considerable portion of the Second, in most unwilling sympathy with Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX, the charming representative of Mrs. Rippingill, the "wife without a smile."

Mr. DION BOUCCICAULT, with his well-simulated bursts of idiotic cachinnation, as Mr. Seymour Rippingill, the conceited, feeble-minded chuckler, became to me a sample of that worst of all nuisances in a house-party, an oppressively irrepressible amateur humourist. Mr. LOWNE as Wettmarsh, a sort of amateur who, having once been a society clown, has, by marrying an amateur poetess (cleverly played by Miss DOBOTHY GRIMSTON), been sobered down into an amateur journalist with amateur dramatic aspirations, is another portentous species of the genus bore. In fact, except Mrs. Lovette, perfectly rendered, for all the character is worth, by artistic Miss MARIE ILLINGTON (how does *Killiecrankie* get on without her?), and except John Pullinger as represented by Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, there seemed to me to be no single character among the *dramatis personæ* whose sayings or doings, however well said or well done, could be of the slightest interest to anyone.

Of course the play is a mere farce, an extravagant farce of the old Palais-Royal type, and the adaptation of electric bells to the same use as that to which Mr. PINERO puts his wire-hung doll I certainly remember in a very broad piece entitled *Fiacre No. 117*. Also I call to mind a device closely resembling it in *Le Dindon*, as likewise in another French play of a similarly outrageous character. I cannot help thinking that had any author, other than Mr. PINERO, succeeded in getting this piece placed on the stage, its run would have come to a very abrupt conclusion. As the effort of a novice it would have been "returned with thanks" by even the most speculative Manager who might have had the patience to read it.

The sole touch of true comedy in the farce is of Dickensian origin, and no student of *Dombey* can fail to refer the reverence exhibited by Rippingill for the words of Jack Pullinger to that of honest Capen Cuttle for the oracles of Jack Bunsby. What a Jack Bunsby Mr. KEMBLE would make were the Florence and Walter episode in *Dombey and Son* treated, apart from the novel, in a brief dramatic sketch!

Mr. PINERO seems to have worked back from a situation that tickled his fancy, namely that of a strung-up doll whose movements, when in a state of suspended animation, would indicate the action of certain persons above who are invisible to those below and to the audience. Suppose, for example, that any individual were taking exercise on the sofa in the second-floor room in order to reduce his weight, the doll, suspended by a wire from the ceiling of the first-floor apartment, would be violently agitated. The idea is scarcely worthy of our leading dramatist. Perhaps, if the laugh had been turned against Jack Bunsby Pullinger, there would have been no room (on any floor) for objection; but when the doll's lively movements accompany a duet, then that is quite another story.

### NO GRATUITIES?

*(By a Conservative Weakling.)*

FOLLOWING upon the success of a recently-opened restaurant, and the "tipping" revelations in a recent County Court case, the idea of "non-tipping" hotels has been mooted. It was inevitable that the *Sortes Shaksperianæ* should be consulted, with the result that some new readings of an all too familiar passage (given hereunder) have been discovered.

To tip, or not to tip; that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fashion;  
Or to take arms against a host of hirelings,  
And by opposing, end them?—To dine,—to sup,—  
No more;—and, having supped, to say we end  
The heartburn, and the thousand natural qualms  
That guests are heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To dine;—to sup;—  
To sup! perchance to sleep; ay, there 's the rub;  
For in that sleep what nightmares may arise  
When we have shuffled with a varlet's fee,  
Must give us pause. There is the disrespect  
That makes calamity of many a life:  
For who would bear the scorn of chambermaids,  
The porter's flout, the benchman's contumely,  
The pangs of proffered but contemn'd coin,  
The insolence of office-jacks, the spurns  
That patient gentles from the clownish take,  
When he himself might a quietus give  
With bare-faced guerdon? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a hateful toll,  
But that the dread of someone left untipped—  
The late-discovered menial from whose clutch  
No traveller escapes—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those inns we have,  
Than fly to hostels that we know not of?  
Thus custom does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the no-tip hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and daring,  
To husband hard-earned monies, turn awry  
And fail of execution.

### Just So.

*Cheerful Sitter* (showing his own portrait, a crayon drawing, recently finished, to a friend). He hasn't made me look particularly cheerful, eh?

*Friend*. Why, what could you expect but a drawn expression?

YOUNG DORDLER, who doesn't "do much in a literary way, dontcherknow," heard two friends talking about a recent publication mentioned by the Baron last week, entitled *The Sun-Child*. "What the doose, eh?" asks the severely critical DORDLER, "why didn't he call it 'The Boy' at once? You don't call a girl a 'Daughter-child,' do you? It's reg'lar affectation. Hey, what?"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Saturday Review* recently remarked that to him personally the phrase "someone has a great future before him" sounds ridiculous, because it is not possible to "have a future behind him." Isn't it? How about the Greek grammatical tense recognised as the Paulo-Post-Futurum?

"NINE tailors make a man" is an ancient proverbial saying. When this old saw was new, what must one man's tailors' bills have amounted to?



## CHARIVARIA.

ONE of the leading Russian newspapers is now suggesting that the Japanese shall no longer be called monkeys. We doubt, however, whether this proposal, even if carried out, would be sufficient to induce the Japanese to withdraw.

It seems queer that Civilisation should add to instead of decrease the horrors of war. The Poet Laureate has just published a long poem on the Russo-Japanese conflict.

More reckless motor-driving! "The coroner for North-east Essex," says a contemporary, "was enabled by the aid of his motor-car to hold three inquests in widely-distant parts of the country within a few hours."

Each lady patron of the *matinée* performances at the Court Theatre now receives a printed notice to the following effect:—"The enclosed tickets are sold on the understanding that ladies will remove hats, bonnets, or any kind of head-dress." It is as well that it should be known that this refers to the ticket-holders', and not to other ladies', head-dress.

The title of Mrs. BROWN-POTTER'S latest theatrical production, *Forget-Me-Not*, is not being obeyed.

Some clergymen have no sense of shame. Several of them have been bragging, in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, as to the number of sermons they have preached.

With reference to the statement published last week to the effect that a post-card posted in North Shields in May, 1900, was delivered at Newcastle on the

13th of the present month, the General Post Office officials would like it to be known that they have often delivered post-cards even more quickly than that.

Now that a magistrate has decided that a lady has no right to make a lunge at a cabman with a sword-stick, the 'bus conductors, it is rumoured, intend to

Mingling among the football players in the vicinity, they failed to attract attention.

"When a dog belonging to a signalman at Yatesville (U.S.), on the Lehigh Valley Railway, found that his master had dropped dead, he seized a red flag, rushed into the centre of the railway track, and stopped an oncoming express, which might otherwise have met with a serious disaster."—So says the *Daily Express*. "Do we believe?" asks the *Daily Telegraph*.

A certain section of the Art World has been thrown into a paroxysm of delight, and the arts certain painters are now giving themselves are amusing to behold. The German Emperor, in discussing pictures with an eminent expert, is reported to have said, "Perhaps, after all, those impressionist fellows are right."

The Japanese, who were saying only the other day that they did not need an advance from outside, now acknowledge that the Russian advance was useful to them.

The Chairman of Barnmouth Urban Council has described Wales as the natural playground of England.

We think, however, that those Welshmen who want to close the schools throughout the Principality are carrying the idea too far.

"An arch political flat-catcher," is Dr. MACNAMARA'S description of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Some Members of Parliament may well be nervous.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.—Colds.



## APPRECIATION.

First Mountaineer (to Second Mountaineer, in Switzerland). "WHAT A LOVELY COUNTRY—HOLLAND IS!"

take action with a view to testing the legality of ladies stabbing them in the back with umbrellas.

The war of the sexes continues. The Principal Boy at Drury Lane this Christmas will be Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON, while the Principal Girl, we understand, will be Mr. DAN LENO.

Two convicts escaped from Wormwood Scrubs prison in their official costume.



## COMPREHENSIVE.

Owner (as the car starts backing down the hill). "PULL EVERYTHING YOU CAN SEE, AND PUT YOUR FOOT ON EVERYTHING ELSE!"

## THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

Although the Cricket Season is over, Mr. Frederic Harrison scores his Tenth Century.

## CONVERSATIONAL PLAGIARISMS OF THE ANCIENTS.

"Think me not unkind," cried the young hero, "if I have to hasten away from the holy shrine in which your love has suffered me to kneel, to worship and to adore; think me not cold if I hurry off to my sovereign and my command. I could not love thee so well, if it were not that I loved honour even more."

THE above extract from Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON'S romance of the tenth century, *Theophano*, shows how idle it is to suppose that any sentiment can be new.

When LOVELACE wrote:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more,

he was credited with a pleasing invention. Alas, he was but quoting from *Basil Digenes*, the hero of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON'S romantic monograph, who had, we now learn, anticipated him by at least six centuries.

Mr. HARRISON'S many pages, were they searched carefully, would doubtless yield other scraps of dialogue equally prejudicial to latter-day poets. Thus:—

I.

"Alas, madam," cried LEO the Curopalates to the EMPRESS at Drizibion, "it is preferable of a surety to have loved and have lost than for ever to have endured a vacuum where love ought to reside."

II.

The walls of the Magnaura, in which STYLIANOS stood, communing with himself on his passion for the peerless AUGUSTA, were entirely covered with panels of Proconnesian and Phrygian streaked marbles. "Ah," he exclaimed, smiting his breast, "that man either fears his fate too much, or minute are his deserts, if he dare not put it to the test and succeed, or suffer failure."

III.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! My most incomprehensible of Privy Councillors," cried the Basileus, with a ringing laugh. "Another perjury. But at lovers' perjuries, it is reported, Jupiter does not conceal his merriment."

IV.

"Alackaday!" cried MARIANOS APAMBAS, the dauntless Theodolite of Adana, as

the gates of the Chrysotriclinium closed behind him with a discordant clang, "how true it is that where the spirit is free neither the most ponderous mural architecture nor the most massive metal bars can produce a sense of incarceration."

## Overheard at the London Art Club Exhibition.

She (before a picture of a Spanish lady). Hundred and ninety-one. (Refers to catalogue.) "Tête Espagnole"—or however you pronounce it—what's that?

He. Why, spaniel's head, of course—must be numbered wrong.

THE *Daily News*, in commenting upon the bestowal of the freedom of the city of Bristol upon Sir WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, says:

"For more than a century Sir WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, who comes of an old Bristol family, has rendered loyal and devoted service to his native city."

This makes Sir WILLIAM more than the Father of his City; it makes him its OLD PARR.







### VENETIAN REVERIES.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN. "THIS IS BETTER THAN SOUTHAMPTON WATER!"

RIGHT HON. JOHN SUTHERLAND CHAMBERLAIN. "AH!—POOR DEAR ARTHUR!"



### SOUTHAMPTON REVELS.

MISS CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION. "GOOD GRACIOUS, ARTHUR, WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?"  
RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B-L-F-R (in costume for the Fancy Ball). "AH! THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!"

[Meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Southampton, Friday, October 28.]







**"A THOUSAND MELODIES UNHEARD BEFORE."**

*Little Girl (to Sportsman, just dismounted from roarer to adjust his curb-chain). "HULLO, ALFRED! PUTTING ON A NEW TUNE?"*

**TO A PERIPATETIC MINSTREL.**

ITALIAN, swart and freely oleaginous,  
That through the hours anterior to the morn  
Dost banish sleep and wake unholy rage in us  
By playing "*Christian Soldiers*" on the horn;

O more than skilled to lacerate the tympani  
And take the luckless sleeper by the throat,  
Thine ear-compelling onslaught leaves me limp, an' I  
Writhe in an anguish like a dying stoat.

There is a Something balefully insidious  
Pent in thy weapon's penetrating blare;  
Its breathings are the most profoundly hideous  
That ever cleft the uncomplaining air.

Perhaps the charm that soothes the artless savage's  
Intractile breast is wanting from thy strain;  
Perhaps thine instrument's peculiar ravages  
Are prompted by a love of causing pain.

Perhaps a burning sense of man's ingratitude  
Invigorates thy petrifying blast;  
Perhaps this merely represents the attitude  
Of one who plucks a sweet revenge at last.

Unknown thy motive is; but I suspect it has  
Birth in a breast phenomenally hard,  
And oh, the dire—the desperate effect it has  
Upon the wakeful senses of the Bard!

**Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.**

Of two evils choose the one that you like best.

If your motor cannot absolutely annihilate time and space,  
it can account for most other things.

He gives twice who gives quickly, for he is sure to be  
asked again.

It is easier to be wise for others than for yourself, but  
by no means so popular—with the others.

The best is said to be the cheapest in the end—but none  
of us know which end.

It's better not to be a hero to your valet than to be a  
valet to your hero.

Answer a fool according to his folly often enough and  
you will find you have written the book of a musical comedy.

**PATRIOTISM.**—An Isle of Wight vicar writes in his Parish  
Magazine of the excellent start in life afforded by the National  
Schools "to countless scholars, many of whom are occupying  
to-day excellent positions in life, and in Newport."

**BREAKING IT GENTLY.**—A boy having taken a guinea-pig  
back to school against the rules, was told by his uncle to return  
it to him to be cared for during term. Instead of the animal  
came the following considerate letter:—"I am so sorry I  
can't send the guinea-pig, but it is dying. In fact it is  
dead. The butler buried it yesterday."

## ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

## III.—THE TWINS OF DESTINY.

THE paths of prophecy are beset by pitfalls and strewn with stumbling blocks. Yet how far more honourable it is to fail in a noble venture than to revel in the ignoble security of surefooted induction!

Among the burning questions of latterday *Weltpolitik* none is of more engrossing interest than that of the future of Austria-Hungary. A congeries of races, a babel of tongues, a welter of conflicting interests—all held together by the thread of a single life—that of the lion-hearted septuagenarian FRANZ JOSEF! Will the centrifugal forces prevail when that heroic figure is eliminated from the garish scene? Will the heritage of the HAPSBURGS be parcelled out among a score of yelping nationalities or be absorbed in the ravening maw of Pan-Germanism? Will chaos or consolidation prevail?

Can the Dual Empire hold together? That above all is the question muttered in fearful whispers in all the Chanceries of Europe. The omens of *débâcle* seem to predominate, but I fearlessly answer—It can. This is no rash or baseless assertion. It is the result of profound study of the racial factors of the situation, of the law of heredity, of the irresistible trend of modern thought. The upshot of these investigations can be succinctly stated in a few irrefragable propositions:—

- (1.) A Dual Empire *ex hypothesi* needs a dual throne.
- (2.) Of the conflicting nationalities Hungary and Bohemia are the most mutually antagonistic, and their reconciliation is most peremptorily needed.
- (3.) Bohemia has been accurately described as a race of fiddlers, while in Hungary—*nobilis Hungaria*—the influence of the aristocracy is supreme.

Is it not strange, then, that in view of these facts it should have been left for a simple but consistently impulsive English journalist to indicate where the salvation of Austria is to be found? Are diplomatists so purblind as not to recognise the momentous possibilities of the union of JAN KUBELIK, the prince of Bohemian violinists, with the lovely Hungarian Countess CSAKY—a union *blest with twin offspring!* In default of any direct male heirs of the House of HAPSBURG, how could the claims of collaterals be expected to weigh for one moment against the overwhelming credentials of these superbly endowed and adorable infants? The blue blood of Hungary—the beautiful blue Danubian ichor—flows in their veins; the fiery

artistic temperament of the Czech is also their birthright. They are lovely, high-spirited, healthy children, with sapphire eyes and delicately-arched insteps. They are young, but the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. ALFRED HARMSWORTH was only three when he started his first paper. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN wore an eyeglass in the nursery, and ALFRED AUSTIN lisped in numbers before he could speak.

It is a privilege as well as a pleasure to be able to inform the public that KUBELIK himself is fully alive to the momentous responsibilities thrust upon him by the call of Destiny. "Tell the people of England," he said to me yesterday morning in his princely sanctum, "that I do not shirk the awful duty." And then he flung his noble head back, laughed a great quaking laugh, full of the luscious gusto of life, and twisted his limber hands in weird Michelangelesque convolutions. "The twins are splendid, their appetite is Falstaffic, their voices stentoresque. Already they prattle fluently in Esperanto, and dance the Czardas on the slightest provocation. Their education, however, is a serious matter, and a terrible struggle took place the other day as to which twin should be helped first. Eventually the *Ausgleich* was established, but not until tears had been shed."

"Yes," I observed gently, "but then, as the noble Hungarian proverb has it, More was lost on Mohacz field."

"True," he rejoined with a limpid chuckle, for KUBELIK's sense of humour is only equalled by the luxuriance of his *chevelure*. "They must learn by suffering what they teach in song. They must be cleansed in purging fires before they climb the Pisgah heights of Macassarine majesty on which it behoves the brood of genius to repose. But I have no fears as to their future. Their vitality is prodigious, their bulk colossal," and here the strong-thewed virtuoso almost wept as he told me of a priceless motor-perambulator, the gift of CARMEN SYLVA, which had collapsed beneath the weight of the august pair as they were taking their constitutional in the Andrassy Strasse at Pesth.

Quickly recovering himself he cried in vibrant tones: "But you must excuse me now. I have an appointment with Count BENCKENDORFF in ten minutes at the Russian Embassy," and he sailed out of the room on tiptoe like a great and glorious seraph, his coat-tails quivering with inexplicable emotion.

I sat speechless for several minutes musing on the immutable decrees of Fate, on WEISMANN's theory of heredity, and the attitude which FRANZ JOSEF of Austria would assume towards his twin successors. Would he bow to the

inevitable and proclaim them in his lifetime, or would he declare a truceless war on the great-hearted infants and precipitate an Armageddon beside which the battle of Sha-ho would be mere child's play? But the strain was too great, and rousing myself with a supreme effort I persuaded the major-domo, a Czech of extraordinary beauty and with a rich syrupy voice, to see me safely back to Carmelite Street in a four-wheeled cab.

## FEMININE FIGURES.

ARITHMETIC 'tis well to shun,  
Of puzzles it has plenty:  
For instance, I was twenty-one  
When MADGE was sweet and twenty.

Old Time, as fast the seasons flow,  
Worked on me with his leaven;  
I felt the weight of thirty-two  
When MADGE was twenty-seven.

The marvel grew to huge estate,  
MADGE proved of time so thrifty,  
Remaining simple thirty-eight  
Long after I'd turned fifty.

My brain is plunged in awful whirls  
By mathematics' rigours,  
And who shall now maintain that girls  
Have no control of figures?

## It is a Wise Child that cures its own Father.

"I HAVE KNOWN gun headache cured by the shooter holding between his teeth a piece of india-rubber, a child's sucking ring for preference."—*Correspondence in the "Field."*

A FALSE POSITION.—In the *Daily Mail's* report of the Chartered Company's meeting we read: "Mr. MAGUIRE sat with chin on elbow looking moodily at the gathering." This acrobatic feat is worth trying; better than any elastic exerciser for increasing the flexibility of the joints. There has been nothing like it since JOHN BRIGHT in the House of Commons turned his back upon himself.

AN AUTUMN DELICACY.—Among the cookery recipes in *The Easy Chair* is the following:

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING.—Cut an ounce and a half of dried cherries in small pieces. Put two ounces of bread crumbs, half a pint of milk, and one ounce of castor oil into a saucepan, and let it simmer for five minutes. When cool stir in two beaten eggs and the cherries, &c. &c.

The italics are our own. Uneasy is the Chair that eats such a pudding.

It is rumoured that the French Government may suppress public lotteries. Suggested epitaph:—"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tombola."



**OLD FRIENDS.**

*He.* "DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD SCHOOL-FRIEND, SOPHY SMYTHE?"

*She.* "YES, INDEED, I DO. A MOST ABSURD-LOOKING THING. SO SILLY TOO! WHAT BECAME OF HER?"

*He.* "OH, NOTHING. ONLY—I MARRIED HER."

## CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE San Carlo Grand Opera Company made a good start last week under the direction of Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, son of Mr. *Punch's* old friend of long ago, whose spirited songs are still heard on the concert-platform and belong to the stock *répertoire* of every well-conducted orchestra. Acting Manager NEIL FORSYTH, encouraged by summer season results, having associated himself with Mr. RENTLE of Old Drury, the two together have started an autumn campaign which, judging from its capital commencement, certainly deserves the success that 'tis not in mortals to command.

Our Muse, who favours us with her gracious company on this occasion, here illumines our matter-of-fact remarks with poetic inspiration:

To the excellent troupe of San Carlo, from Naples  
(Where biscuits and ices are prominent staples),  
Mr. *Punch*, who all genuine merit befriends,  
The warmest and heartiest greeting extends;  
For they prove in a manner convincingly strong  
That Italy still is the Mother of Song.



Operatic Ornaments; Manon and her Lovers.

If you ask for a proof, take the scene on the jetty  
Where CARUSO-*Des Grieux* parts from MANON-GIACHETTI.  
But though singing's the strength of the Naples brigade,  
Other notable gifts they've already displayed.  
They can act, their *ensemble's* first-rate, and—a boon  
Seldom granted—their chorus is always in tune.  
Then the band is a nailer, strong, mellow and slick,  
With one eye at the least always fixed on "the stick."  
So, to wind up our lay with a bit of advice,  
If you want to enjoy, at a moderate price,  
A treat operatic, be off in a trice,  
Book seats for *Aida*, or *Manon Lescant*,  
*Rigoletto*, or *Carmen*—they're none of them slow—  
And you'll be delighted whenever you go.

On Wednesday, Mr. *Punch's* assistant-auditor informs him, there was a grand performance of *La Tosca*. Madame GIACHETTI as *Floria Tosca* sang well and acted finely, and the audience acclaimed her success uproariously. As her unfortunate lover Mario (name reminiscent of triumphant tenor long since gone to take his part in the music of the spheres) Signor ANSELMi sang delightfully, and his acting was occasionally powerful. Signor SAMMARCO was a thoroughly wicked *Baron Scarpia*, that is, melodramatically speaking, the moral qualities of the character being entirely subservient to SAM MARK's excellent vocal and artistic powers. So, not further to particularise, all were good in an opera that will never become a genuine favourite, as it is only a trifle less gloomy than the tragic play from which it is taken.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* to an enthusiastically appreciative, but

by no means a full, house. Signor ANSELMi was quite the disgraceful *Dook*, and his great *La Donna è automobile* song twice vociferously encored. Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN as *Gilda*, like *eau sucrée*, was sweet but not powerful. Madame FERRARIS as *Magdalena* the merry, excellent. Last concerted piece well given. All good.

Friday.—House crowded for *Carmen*. Enthusiastic calls for Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN, Madame GIANOLI and, of course, Signor ROBINSON CARUSO, delightfully associated with Friday.

Conductors CAMPANINI and TANARA, and "everyone concerned," are to be congratulated upon a genuine success that augurs well for the short season.

## "PA, MA, AND BABBA."

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FOR YOU ABOUT THE NEW MAGAZINE.

To the Reader,

Have you ever asked yourself what life would be like without the Magazines? No? Then don't do so. Such a state of things must not be thought about.

Possibly you have been living in a fool's paradise, and considering that there are already enough Magazines. There are not. One more has yet to come, and that is the biggest of all.

It is coming almost before you can turn round; and you will have to buy it regularly. You cannot escape.

It is called *Pa, Ma, and Babba*, and where other Magazines give one page it gives two, where other Magazines give two advertisements it gives four.

It is a veritable powder Magazine.

*The World and His Wife*, another forthcoming Magazine, is said by its proprietors to open flat. *Pa, Ma, and Babba* will neither open flat nor be flat in a single page.

It contains something for every member of your house, from the burglar on the roof to the cockroach in the basement.

It is the giant of the Magazines—the Drum-Major of the Kilties and the Fat Boy of Peckham rolled in one. Long before you have got through it the next number will be here.

It will be packed and running over with new features. Every page will contain something novel. There will be stories by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE and CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ, Mrs. L. T. MEADE, and ARTHUR MORRISON.

No pains have been spared to produce an entirely new thing. There will be interviews by HAROLD BEBBIE.

Another feature of startling freshness will be a prize competition.

The dear children will not be neglected. A first-rate literary aunt has been engaged to prattle for them.

There is not a line nor a picture in this most wonderful production that is not aimed to benefit you. Its proprietors hope to lose by it.

The Magazine will be worth ten shillings. Its price is only sixpence.

You will be able to get quite a lot for the back numbers as waste paper.

*Pa, Ma, and Babba* is thoroughly up-to-date: the first number went to press two months ago.

## Soliloquy.

*John Bull* (making a mem. in his note-book). "We went to Tibet to make a treaty"—Ahem! Let me see. Under what heading shall I enter this? Eh? Ah, I see—"Re-Treaty." Um!

## THE BALTIC FLEET.

MONTH BY MONTH.

LIBAU, October 24, 1904.—It is stated on good authority that the Baltic Fleet will sail for the Far East on the 27th or 28th inst.—*Reuter*.

REVAL, October 26.—The battleship *Gonashoravlosk* is again aground, but it is hoped to refloat her in three weeks' time. She will have to undergo extensive repairs, and in consequence the date of departure of the Baltic Fleet has been again postponed till November 13.—*Our Own Correspondent*.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 12.—The TSAR has expressed his intention of saying good-bye to the Baltic Fleet in person, prior to its departure for the Far East. During some manoeuvres yesterday, two cruisers (believed to be the *Runamokia* and the *Strukamine-ski*) collided and sank in the excellent time of 2 min. 15 sec., thus constituting a record. The Fleet will sail on December 22.—*Our Special Correspondent*.

LIBAU, December 28, 1904.—The Baltic Fleet, consisting of 5 battleships, 7 cruisers, and 96 transports laden with coal, sailed to-day for the Far East at 11 o'clock, but came safely back again in the afternoon. (Later) The armoured cruiser *Blowupovitch*, on entering the harbour, came in contact with a floating mine, and will, it is feared, become a total wreck.—*Press Association*.

PARIS, January 2, 1905.—News comes from St. Petersburg this morning that the Baltic Fleet (consisting of 4 battleships, 6 cruisers, and 130 transports laden with coal) is now ready to start for the Far East. The battleship *Sprungaleelski* will not be able to accompany the squadron as was hoped, but owing to her speed of 8½ knots, she will be able to catch it up when the necessary repairs have been made. The date of departure of the Fleet is now fixed for January 20.—*Reuter*.

REVAL, February 19, 1905.—The TSAR to-day bade farewell to the officers and

men of the Baltic Fleet, and wished them good luck and a safe return. The Fleet (consisting of 3 battleships, 5 cruisers, and 156 transports laden with coal) went for a trial spin immediately afterwards. There were very few casualties, and the Fleet will finally start for the Far East on the 2nd, 3rd, or 15th of March.—*Dalziel*.

LIBAU, April 1, 1905.—To-day has been fixed as a suitable one for the Baltic Fleet to begin its final departure on its eventful voyage to the Far East. The TSAR shook hands in person with the Admiral and his officers. Immediately

## MODES FOR MEN.

CASCIST.—The question you raise is a puzzling one. If the overcoat handed to you at the cloak-room is better than your own I should advise you to wait till the other party makes a move in the matter. Since, possessing a better overcoat, he is presumably your social superior, the initiative should come from him. If on the contrary the overcoat given you is a worse one than your own, it will be quite proper for you to make enquiries. Etiquette is merely the application of common sense to social matters.

COSMOPOLITE.—The shirt problem you name is always with us. Happily the growth of civilisation has to some extent solved it. There are now many Turkish Baths in London where a shirt may be washed and starched whilst you wait. I regret that I cannot say anything in favour of the india-rubber reversible shirts you name.

CONSTANT READER.—You say that you are certain that an acquaintance always deals himself the ace of hearts at Bridge, and ask advice in the matter. Discretion is advisable. Do not denounce him—scenes are vulgar—but keep him under observation. You cannot do this better



## "YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS."

Mamma. "HERE COMES NURSE TO BATH YOU BOTH AND PUT YOU TO BED. NOW BE GOOD AND GO QUICKLY."

Little Girl. "OH DEAR, MUMMIE, I WISH I WAS A NIGHT-DRESS!"

Mamma. "WHY, DEAR?"

Little Girl. "THEN I SHOULD ONLY HAVE TO GO TO THE WASH ONCE A WEEK!"

afterwards, preceded by the flagship *Neversaydieski*, the squadron (consisting of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and 172 transports laden with coal) steamed slowly once more out of the familiar harbour. It is a matter of considerable comment in official circles that this is the first time the fleet has started without a telegram from the KAISER. At the time of writing the squadron is still in sight. (Later) A large fleet (consisting apparently of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and about 170 transports) is making for the harbour, and has signalled for a pilot.—*Our Own Correspondent*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—A new motoring novel by the author of *An Eye for an Eye* is promised, entitled *A Toot for a Toot*.

than by always arranging to be his partner when you indulge in a friendly rubber. You will find that so much in this matter depends on the point of view.

MILLIONAIRE.—By all means wear boot protectors, they are most fashionable. The "chic" boot protector is made of silver with the owner's monogram engraved on it. The boot protector is not only economical but ornamental, if the wearer has the presence of mind when sitting always to put his feet on a neighbouring chair. The gold boot protectors to my mind seem ostentatious.

DESPERATE.—You are married, you have become engaged to another lady, and now you find that your affections are really placed elsewhere, and come for advice. Have you noticed the advertisement of the Klean Kut Razors in our columns?



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia* (BLACKWOOD) is enriched by many photographs, snapshots taken in places remote from Charing Cross. They are not the kind of work of art the most indulgent R.A.'s would add to treasures accumulated under the Chantrey Bequest. But they have the value of novelty and accuracy. The proudest illustration of Lord RONALDSHAY's book is the map that illustrates his journey. Across a broad section of the earth's circumference stretches a thin red line marking adventurous route from Constantinople to Baghdad, skirting the Caspian, to Baku, on to famed Samarkand, preceding the march of the Russian army in Manchuria, popping in at Peking *via* Port Arthur, debarking at Nagasaki, and proceeding by land to Yokohama. Lord RONALDSHAY is a born traveller, with an eye to scenery and a keen scent for incident. Far above the stature of the ordinary globe-trotter, he has in him something of the statesman. He sees in Asia, as saw Prince HENRI D'ORLEANS, the battle-field in which once again will be settled the destinies of the world. The nation which succeeds in making its voice heeded in the East will, he proclaims, be able to speak in dominating accents to Europe. Holding this creed he recognises a kindred spirit in Lord CURZON, whose recent utterances on the proper and possible position of England in the Far East he quotes with warm approval. "Let the people of this country," he writes, "understand that a policy of unsupported diplomatic protest will not always prove efficient in retaining that position of supremacy in Southern Asia which is vital to our being." My Baronite likes that delicate phrase, "unsupported diplomatic protest." Ten thousand miles Lord RONALDSHAY has journeyed through Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Transcaspia, Turkestan, Siberia, and Manchuria, sometimes by rail, occasionally by steamboat, otherwise by raft, on land by anything that would go on wheels. He has brought back lessons worthy the study of our masters and pastors in Downing Street and at Westminster.

*A Hand at Bridge*, by LANCE THACKERAY (Fine Art Society), is a story without words, told in four coloured "humorous drawings," in which, however, the humour is not too conspicuous, having been, perhaps, a bit toned down in order to show up the six-colour lithographs. No doubt this smart set will catch on to many a hook in the smoking-rooms of country houses, where its brilliancy will be chastened by the artistic hand of Time. From the Bridge point of view the situations, as depicted, are quite sound, though, if the artist be himself a "Bridger," he should have reconsidered the attitude of the Colonel (in Plate 2), who, in his surprise at being "doubled," is showing his hand to both his partner and the leader on his left!

My Nautical Retainer writes:—Like the missionary and the *commis-voyageur*, Mr. MASON travels for others. When he trots by land or trawls by sea, he does it as the agent of a vast public that delights in vicarious adventure. So it is that in *The Truants* (SMITH, ELDER) he once again embroiders his romance with the colours of far and unfamiliar scenes. This time he has to tell us of the North Sea trawling fleets; of Fez (where I understand that Mr. MASON recently took on my Lord the SULTAN at billiards); and of the advanced posts of the French Foreign Legion in the hinterland of Algeria. And it is done with that sureness of touch and particularity of detail which come of knowledge at first hand. But the task of finding fresh excuses for transporting us into these unhackneyed regions is liable to exhaust the most fertile ingenuity; and the difficulty of inventing for his processes that disguise which art demands grows greater with each new novel. In the present case the motive which induces *Tony Stretton* to join the Foreign Legion (and so work Sahara into

the book) bears far too close a resemblance to the motive which inspired the hero of *The Four Feathers* to seek distinction in the Soudan. He has the same ambition to restore himself in the eyes of a woman; but, while in the earlier book no other course was possible, here the motive lacks imperativeness; and even the man who obeys it has to work very hard and pigheadedly to convince himself of its adequacy.

These are the flaws in a book which for the rest affords one more proof of Mr. MASON's abiding freshness and charm. He seems, too, to show an advance—though still on this side of subtlety—in the analysis of his women's characters. Of his men, *M. Giraud*, the schoolmaster of Roquebrune, is the least probable. He is situated rather too near Monte Carlo to be so innocently curious about "news of the great world." As for the story itself it is of the most engaging interest; and, if one misses the fascination of certain scenes in *The Four Feathers*, yet perhaps in *The Truants* the author achieves a more level excellence; and in any case he has only himself to blame for so exacting a precedent.

*The Garden of Allah*, by ROBERT HICHENS (METHUEN), is the story of "the journey of a searcher who knew not what she sought." Such is the author's summary description of his own powerfully fascinating novel. The "searcher" is *Domini Enfielden*, the heroine of the story, a strikingly original character, drawn with all the affectionate care that can be bestowed by an artist on the gradual development of his own creation. In the perfecting of her strange lover, *Andrzejewski*, the author has not permitted himself to be led astray from his fixed design of compelling this sinner to do penance. The parable is complete: the self-sacrifice is grand on the part of the woman, while the man, at first reluctant, yields to her will as if in obedience to a divine oracle. The tale is as it were a newly-imagined Christianised version of Cupid and Psyche, pictured in impulsive word-painting, aglow with the deep rich colouring of an Eastern sunset. The atmosphere is of the Desert, that "mystery of space" which the author does his very best to people with living realities. Should the reader feel at all wearied by this wealth of colour and superfluity of detail, it is because he has to plod on through scenes where the chief characters, in whom all interest centres, say little, and do less. Such an one knows that the protagonists whom he seeks are in the crowd, and that he is bound to come up with them, for a few seconds at a time, in the course of many lengthy paragraphs of vividly descriptive narrative. During his search he will be bewildered by Arab boys, praying men, Oriental Jewesses, by sounds like countless multitudes of bees; by feathery palms obstructing his vision, by flies and lizards that bother him; then gazelles, girls with elastic waists and vivid draperies will impede his progress; innumerable smells will nauseate him, orange trees, gums, and fig trees will restore him, hautboys and tom-toms will stun him, until flashing knives awaken him to the necessity of pushing along, extricating himself from the *tohu-bohu*, and regaining the lost heroine and her companion. But all this *mise-en-scène* is put aside when the author clears the stage for real business, and then we are spell-bound to know the issue. This novel has the Baron's *imprimatur* and his strongest recommendation.

*The Twins* (NELSON AND SONS) is a capital "picture book" for the coming Christmas time, with verses by EDWARD SHIRLEY to suit JOHN HASSALL's illustrations, or *vice versa*.

